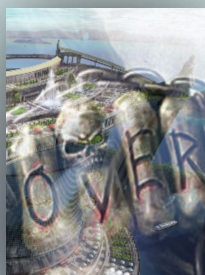




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# The End of Beginnings



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## Chapter 1 by Tessa Bonita

The God phone call left him a little off put. Surely because Burt, his decision matrix, gave him a number answered by someone who knew his secrets was nothing less then a hack.

The new planet was uninteresting landscape with uninteresting people. Faced with the tragedy of the invasion and revelation of underground giants that came to their aid (nonetheless losing) rather than spark a new conversation about what is, it left to more of that of the American ideal: bad food and holo-vision.

Even though he had left his card on the darknet as a merc, he had no cryptocurrency and was left with a shit factory job with the giraffe looking indigenous 6 leggers of this shit planet.

His babbel mod was good enough; but there was no use in talking to them. They were in some spiritual non-reality: as much of an escape as the fat and slack of his own kind.

Left with nothing but contempt for his circumstance he lit some of the purple weird shit on planet-giraffe that helped him deal with the boredom of not killing people, he watched the holo to some sort of god awful giraffe sitcom that implemented a hot woman (at least).

Some green somewhat frog that seemed somewhat hourglass shaped and five fingered slithered (sort of) while jumping slightly as it moved through the slightly ajar door into his apartment.

He welcome intruders hoping for a good excuse to 'defend' himself.

He pressed the on on his zapper. He held his pointer limply like the gay Adam in gay Michaela. He called a glump-cat.

Then it spoke, which glum.

"Please Don't".

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Slightly less bored now he let the glump-cat continue.

The glump-cat was apparently named Samantha and said she was a princess and that if he kissed her she would become a real woman.

He called his Samantha princess before she died and he became an interesting angry.

It was an assassins' anger which is actually relaxing, albeit prepared.

The angry god on his prank phone call whose number was given to him by his, previously very useful Burt- the decision mod, had said he would meet Samantha and to listen to her.

This was probably a revenge tactic from a, y'know, dead persons loved one or some such.

He picked the thing up with mock consideration and threw it in his faux-canvas sack.

A trained talking glump-cat was probably worth something.

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